

## Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

For The Evening Telegraph.

W. H. W.

BY RICHARD COE.

Am I for war? Ay, to the knife!  
War to the bitter end!

Till traitor hearts still trembling bow,

Till the high doctrine God ordained

Upon this earthly shore,

Upheld by Democrates of old,

Majorities still rule.

Am I for war? Thank God, I am

A short, sharp, decisive war;

I have no love but for my land;

Would that I had more!

My other child a maiden grown,

With loyal pale and true;

Breathes blessing on her native land,

And aids the soldier, too!

Once held faith that war was wrong;

A shudder comes over me;

My heart sinks, and now

In meeting-ground, hard by,

I had he lived until this hour,

And heard of Sumter's shame,

I think his patriot soul had throbbed

With feeling all alone!

And had a dagger at my throat;

I laid it down, and said,

Till life is ebbing ebb,

With the red blood I've spilt;

And if my God vouchsafe to me

A right remaining strength,

Then will I stand, and then go down

To meet death at length.

So have these bold traitors done

Unto my Native Land,

They've plunged a dagger in her heart,

With fraternal hand.

Now come, bold or way to her,

As though she's your's;

The echo of a thousand hills

Repeats the cry of war!

God bless you, Maine! and you, Vermont!

God's blessing be on you!

New Hampshire's honest-hearted sons

Sustain their country, too!

Follow every valiant host,

The sword never sets aside,

Shall throw aside the sword and gun,

And cry "Enough of war!"

## MEYERBEER ON RELIGION.

What He Thought of Judaism.

The New York Musical Review of last week

brought a report of a conversation Meyerbeer,

the composer, once had with a friend, M.

Meyerbeer said—

I must make a confession to you. In order

to save the world from destruction, one must

understand French. For Judaism is

only a religion, but also a nationality.

The reality sticks to us it only because we

are always charged with it, even when the

religion is dead, and we have to bring him up

in the Jewish religion. I take care that he should understand

French. For the little of Judaism that still

exists, I am indebted to some Biblical

and some remaining books. Not only boys,

but Jewish girls, too, sit

three begin to learn Hebrew; they would

never run the risk of wishing to change their

religion.

What you tell me," replied M. Will, "is

true, and at the same time, it astounds me,

but I easily imagine why; for you are re-

sponsible for having permitted your amiable

elder to get baptized."

The following reading is out of the question, and jesting

has become necessary. Samson is the

only weak, and gross literature the appropriate

study. A voluminous collection of epitaphs

forms a part of our "book for serious hours." We

have been searching its pages for an appropriate

inscription, and plan to get it engraved.

There are none so affecting enough

to describe our sorrows. But the following selections

may afford our fellow-mourners, as they

have us, a few moments of sorrowful delight, and

perhaps provoke an occasional burst of solemn

laughter.

The following being a specimen of consolation

extracted from misfortune, appropriately com-

mences the selections. It is in Ashburnham, on

the grave of Elizabeth Irland, died 1777.—

Let us be purged by baptismal water, and

then that I acted in this as a kind parent,

and good citizen. I believed that a

man's liberty lies in his religion.

Alas! I had neither the right nor the obligation

to do this for my son.

The next specimen of tomb-stone brevity, is

at Wrexham.—

Here lies Sir,

We say no more,

We say no more,